

OUR BOYS AT FRONT 'CAUSE FOR PRIDE,' SAYS AMUNDSEN

Explorer, Here From France,
Says Pershing and Sims Are
"Best of 'Em All."

Read Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, reached New York today, having recently arrived at an Atlantic port.

"I want to tell you American people that you have every reason to be proud of your men in France and of what they are accomplishing. It is fortunate for your country that you have men of the type of Gen. Pershing and Admiral Sims. They are the best of them all."

"While I didn't see any of the troops from your State I met with and talked with lots of the National Guardsmen. This was the result of my desire to find my old friend Bert McCormick of Chicago, but I didn't find him."

"The spirit among your men is splendid. I didn't have a chance to observe them in action, but they had a brush with the enemy—the Germans had sent them over their compliments and they were only too anxious to return them. Let their folks know that they are well taken care of. I mingled with them and talked with them and found them all in high spirits and nowhere did I hear any complaining."

"Your naval bases are something wonderful and the work accomplished by your boats is winning the highest praise from the French. I visited the French and British fronts and found them well prepared. In fact, it was very encouraging to one with the interests of the Allies as

deeply at heart to see how well prepared they were."

The famous explorer said that, so far from abandoning his trip to the North Pole, he would be ready to start in July, and was anxious to return to his home in Christiania, Norway. He said he has gathered supplies for a seven years' trip. His plan is to secure one or more aeroplanes and establish a base 100 miles from the Pole and then make an aerial campaign, making maps as he flies over the country below him.

"The feeling of Norway is pro-Ally," he said. "I think ninety-five per cent of the people are with the Entente. Conditions in Norway, with the exception of the food situation, are good."

CUTS WIFE, LEAPS FROM SILL.

Man and Woman Dying—Daughter Slashed in Domestic Wrangle.

John Petre of No. 523 Ellery Street, Williamsburg, had a quarrel with his wife last night. He finished the dispute this morning by cutting her throat with a razor and then diving four stories through a window of his home.

Petre landed on his head and his skull was fractured. Both he and his wife are dying at Williamsburg Hospital. Their seventeen-year-old daughter, Marie, who tried to wrest the razor away from her father, was slashed severely and she is also in a serious condition.

The couple's quarrel started yesterday evening when Petre found his wife talking to a man in the hallway of their apartment house. She spent last night at a sister's home in the same block and this morning Petre sent for her for a conference.

They went into a front room and the daughter heard a scream. She ran in and found Petre wielding the razor. She ran toward him, but he slung her away and jumped after wounding his wife and daughter.

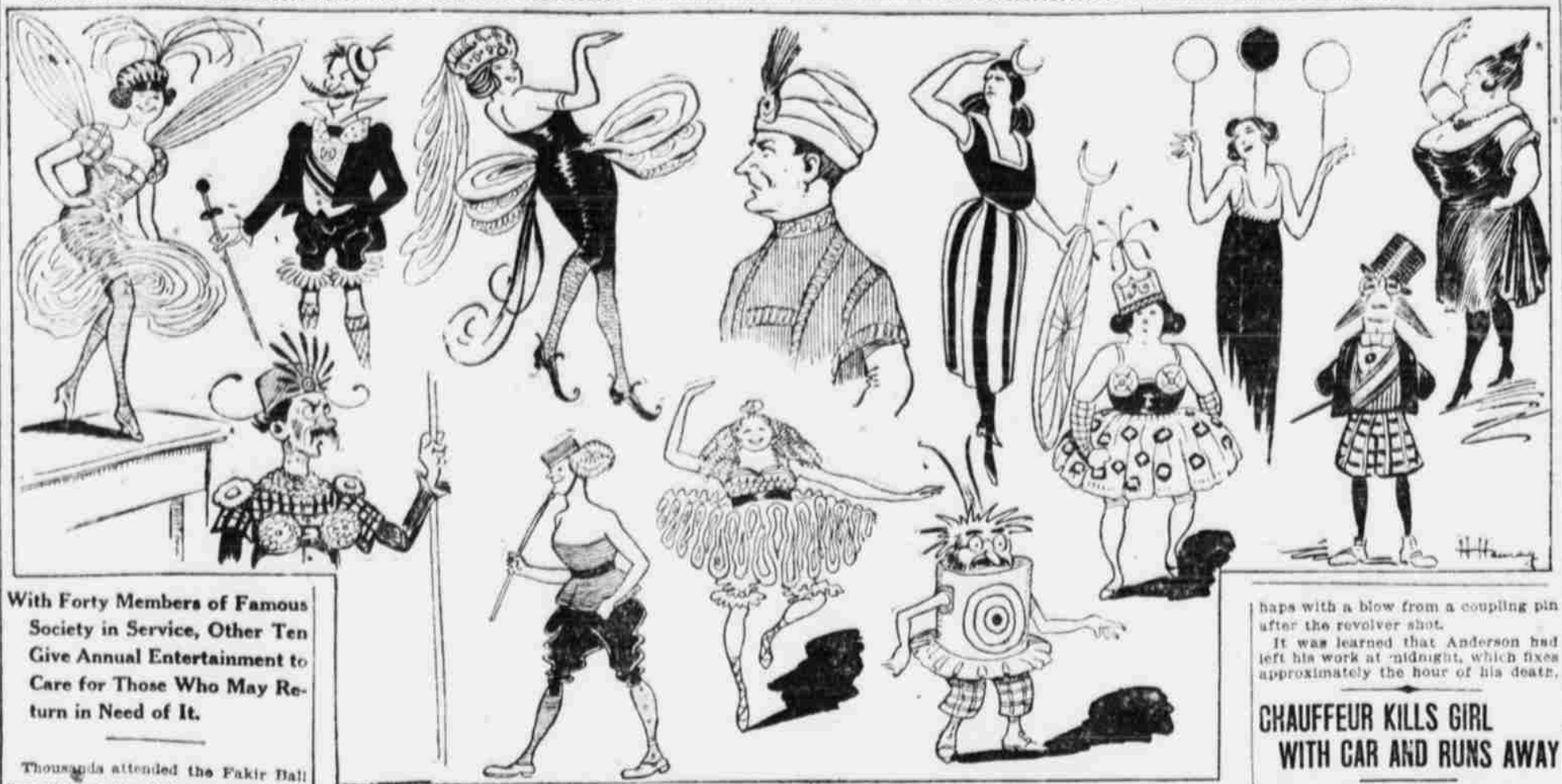
MARCH 24 JERSEY BOYS' DAY.

"Put Young America in Fighting Trim," Says Gov. Edge.

TRENTON, March 16.—A proclamation making Sunday, March 24, Boys' Day in New Jersey was issued here today by Gov. Edge. Churches, Sunday schools and all similar institutions are urged to include in their services on that day "something calculated to stimulate interest in the boy," and "all possible publicity should be given to the youth of America and their activities in the war." The proclamation also calls for a "day of devotion to the Government's war work."

"Everybody holds a commission to put young America in fighting trim for life's battles," says the Governor.

Art and Society Folk in Weird Camouflage Costumes Swell "War Fund" of the Fakirs at Great Biltmore Ball



With Forty Members of Famous Society in Service, Other Ten Give Annual Entertainment to Care for Those Who May Return in Need of It.

Thousands attended the Fakir Ball last night at the Biltmore Hotel. As usual, the grand ball room filled with costumed men and women, took on an appearance only equalled once every year. They danced all night, and when the sun, dim and penumbral as it was, crept over the eastern horizon, it scattered its rays upon departing groups of revelers.

The Fakir is an event in New York. Literally, they are the Society of American Fakirs, for twenty-eight years connected with the Art Students' League. In other words, they are artists. But they produce art, and that is one of the reasons why the members can demand recognition as well as develop the most unique ball held in America.

The Fakirs were accustomed to exhibit "faked" paintings of the masters at the annual exhibition of the Art Students' League. The attendance grew so large that the Fire Commissioner trembled seeing so many people assembled on a shaky floor. He suggested it be stopped. They did. And out of it came the annual Fakir Ball, held at one of the prominent hotels of New York. They take no more chances on anything but a reinforced concrete floor. The crowds, the throngs that came, grew to such enormous size the fakirs, who are artists, free lancers and "pigmenters" when it comes to handling the brush or crayon, drained their mental stamina and decided only the largest hotel could fill the bill.

It was a costume ball. Those who dared admittance in evening dress were relieved of \$5 as a penalty. And after that had been relieved of the five-dollar six-foot highwayman at the door pinned a large, square sign on the marble front of each adventurer that read substantially like this: "I have paid five dollars to wear my moonlight at the Fakirs' dance."

But there were very few of the moonlights. They seemed to stand aloof from the alien costumed men and women like Cook's tourists do when the guide approaches an escutcheon with his palm extended at the entrance to the Taj Mahal.

But no wonder the costumes were so garish. Wool is not used any more except for certain military purposes, and silk is such a luxury that little of it is used. That accounts for the dearth of it last night and countless chubbly, dimpled knees, bare ankles, etc.

There were Chinamen and Cosacs, Khedives and pashas, Boer War veterans, men with thistles, Robin Hood with Sherwood Forest dew on his brow—and who forgot Little John and Friar Tuck without his jug of October ale?

Camouflage was represented by a foursome.

Ted Reel, Ashworth, Cecil Chichester, Kenneth Hartwell and Russett Green, artists and members of the Fakirs, who are doing their bit for America making canvas look like nature, were said to have arrived late painted an atmospheric gray. It was not corroborated at a late hour this morning.

The gravities of 1918 appeared in the form of a youth of twenty, wearing a trench coat with a dainty fur collar, a wrist watch, and a bored expression. He left early.

And Columbia's prototype, a beautiful girl, tall, with chiselled features, burst upon the throng of merry-makers, unattended and unheralded. No one seemed to know her. She spoke to no one. Men stared, women stopped and frowned with obvious envy. She searched every corner of the nineteenth floor for some one. At last she saw a broad shouldered chap in the costume of a buccaner. Hesitating a moment Columbia rushed toward him.

"I thought you were killed," said she. "The despatches reported it."

"No. Just shell shock. Loss of memory. Have I met you some place?" He didn't seem to notice her pained expression.

She ignored his reply. "I knew you would be here. Every one comes to the Fakir Ball." She led him away.

Meantime, the crowd, ever moving, ever changing, came and went. The large ballroom, filled to overflowing, seemed like a mass of indiscriminate color.

Suspended from the balcony were long illuminated cylindrical lanterns from which hung streamers of colored ribbon. Stripes of white and green bunting extended the entire circumference of the hall, producing an Oriental effect that was striking. And contrasting with this was the spectrum of a thousand variegated gowns and costumes.

At 10 o'clock it was apparent the ball was to be a failure. At twelve the chances were even there would be at least 500 persons there. At two in the morning the crowd began to thicken, and at four it was a mass of riotous color. Thousands were there all imbued with the carnival spirit, gay, laughing and hilarious.

Every type and nationality was represented. That is except one. This particular one, a young man, was said to come dressed as the Kaiser. He thought it a good joke, but the Fakirs did not. He was almost carried out feet first.

Some of the costumes were very original. One was a Boer war veteran, in a "Kou Jiu Yow" Chinese habit, carrying a wicker handbag and dragging a jaguar on four wheels.

The "Lamp Shade Girl," who was Miss Joan Le Bel, a war nurse from France, was gowned like the tall, shaded lamp you stand in the corner of the library. A Numidian Prince, ultra-black, ultra-brown of apparel, wore the most original costume. Fred Bradley looked like a shrapnel bullet. Montague Worthley could not tell from a French mortar, except for the horn-rimmed spectacles. Major Joe Mark, who refused to admit he had been in the trenches and wounded seven times, had his costume inside out and could not be judged.

William R. Hearst was there early and had to pay the tax for not being in costume. James Montgomery Flagg, who never misses a Fakir's ball, spent most of his time studying types. Miss Gertrude Helen Smith looked more like a debutante than Elaine the Fair, with streaming locks and ropes of pearls.

No one will ever know when the last Fakir departed this morning. About an hour after the sun had thrust the first shaft of light amidst the undiminished multitude, portieres and curtains were drawn. Perchance they are dancing yet.

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SAVED A SOLDIER'S LIFE, IS SHOT IN THE NECK

Maine Youth Jumped in Front of Man in Uniform as "Bill" Fired.

Charles Morton, eighteen, of Sabago Lake, Me., was found shot through the left side of the neck in Eighth Avenue by Policeman Devereaux at 3 A. M. today. He was taken to Bellevue.

He said he came to the city yesterday and met a man he knew only as "Bill." They went to "Bill's" room, "somewhere in the Twenties, between Seventh and Eighth Avenue," he didn't know exactly where. There were several others present and "Bill" had a quarrel with a soldier. When "Bill" drew a revolver, Morton said, he jumped in front of the soldier and saved his life, but as the peacekeeper usually fares, "got it in the neck." He is seriously wounded.

Morton's main grievance was that when he went into a restaurant and asked for a police whistle to call a cop, the waiter thought he was drinking and told him to "go outside and whistle through your fingers."

SPEAR FUNERAL TO-MORROW

Member of The World Advertising Staff Died Monday.

Funeral services for E. Holden Spear, twenty-five years a member of The World's advertising staff, will be held in St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Metuchen, N. J., to-morrow at 1:30 P. M. Mr. Spear died in Towanda, Pa., on Monday. He was born in Philadelphia May 21, 1897. A widow and three sons survive. The children are First Lieut. Holden Spear, in the Aviation Corps at Fort Meade, Tex.; Edgar Spear at Metuchen, and Kenneth Spear in the Naval Reserve.

SHOE YIELDS \$250; THREE HELD AFTER THEFT AND MURDER

Trio Seized, One Partly Confesses When Boot Reveals Sum Stolen From Victim.

Within forty minutes after the murder of Christian Anderson, superintendent of construction for the Corn Products Refining Company plant at Edgewater, N. J., last night, three men were arrested and charged with the crime. They were taken before Recorder Ellis this morning for arraignment.

Anderson was killed in a dark portion of River Road, near the west bank of the Hudson. He was waylaid, stabbed, shot and robbed of \$250. And later, in the left shoe of one of the prisoners, \$250 was found. Chief of Police John J. O'Brien of Edgewater told The Evening World this morning that he had obtained a partial confession from one of his prisoners implicating the others. And he says he has sufficient additional evidence.

Before he died Anderson defended himself desperately. A bloody knife was found in his hand, and its marks were found on two of the prisoners. It is believed he was getting the best of the battle when the third assailant shot him in the temple.

The prisoners gave the names of Harry Shifty, Louis Alveno and Benjamin Freudenrich. Shifty and Alveno said they lived in Fairview, Freudenrich in West New York.

It was Chief O'Brien who first learned of the murder. He almost stumbled over the body as he was walking along River Road shortly after midnight.

"I knew where to look for the men I wanted," said O'Brien. "For they had been suspected for some time in connection with other hold-ups."

O'Brien organized a squad of five, including two policemen from Fairview. They proceeded to a house in Walker Street, Cliffside, where it was known that one of the men had a room.

The police found two of the men trying to dress their knife wounds, while the third helped. All three offered fight, but had no time to snatch weapons. They were quickly subdued.

Alveno had several knife wounds in the back, from which the police conclude that Anderson was doing well in the battle until he was shot. Shifty's right arm was cut. Freudenrich was unhurt. O'Brien noticed that Shifty walked in a peculiar way.

"Take off that left shoe," he ordered. Thus he found the money, a roll of bills.

The body of Anderson was taken to the morgue, where it was found that the head had been crushed in, perhaps with a blow from a coupling pin after the revolver shot.

It was learned that Anderson had left his work at midnight, which fixes approximately the hour of his death.

CHAUFFEUR KILLS GIRL WITH CAR AND RUNS AWAY

The police are looking for the chauffeur of an automobile that struck and killed eight-year-old Marie Coleman last night as she was picking up a penny she had dropped on the car track at Third Avenue and 79th Street.

After striking the child, the driver continued a block north and then got out of the machine and looked down the avenue. Evidently realizing he had killed the girl, he returned to the machine and continued on his way. Although the child was thrown twelve feet by the auto, the penny was still clutched in her hand when the body was removed to her home at No. 214 East 79th Street.

20 PERISH IN FIRE.

Woman and Six Children Among Victims at Lumber Camp.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 16.—Twenty persons are dead near Truro as the result of a fire in the lumber camp of A. A. Sutherland. Only four who were in the camp escaped death and these are in a serious condition. Thirteen of the dead were lumbermen. Six children and the wife of the caretaker perished.

NEGRO SUSPECT LYNCHED.

Hanged in Monroe, La., Courthouse Yard Accused of Attacking Girl.

MONROE, La., March 16.—The body of George McNeil, one of two negroes arrested yesterday, suspected of implication in the assault of a young white woman here Thursday, was found hanging to a tree in the court house yard early today. It was said at the sheriff's office last night that the Sheriff and deputies had started in automobile for Shreveport with McNeil and John Richards, the other suspect.

HOBOKEN LEADS WORLD IN 100 PER CENT. BABIES

Mrs. Stoddard, Judge of Contest, Already Has Found Five in 200 So Far Examined.

Hoboken has more absolutely perfect babies proportionately than any other city, according to Mrs. B. G. Stoddard, judge in the Best Baby Contest in connection with the Hoboken Baby Congress.

Of the 200 of the 700 babies already examined, Mrs. Stoddard declares, there are at least five 100 per cent. children. "And this is the most remarkable record I ever heard of," she added.

But last whose babies they are will not be known until some time next week—maybe not until the close of the show, two weeks from to-morrow. Hoboken mothers, happy and anxious, are demanding an immediate decision. They all know their baby is one of the five. But the judges are not taking any chances on a premature ending of the contest. Then, too, they expect to find more 100 per cent. babies among the 500 yet to be examined by the medical experts.

Three of the children with perfect scores are girls and two boys. Mrs. Stoddard says one perfect baby out of 150 is a very good record and that five out of 200 is nothing less than remarkable.

MAKING AUTO MECHANICS.

Board of Education Organizes Twelve Classes of Repair Students.

Twelve classes in automobile repairing and maintaining have been organized by the Board of Education as part of its program to train drafted men for various kinds of mechanical trades that the Government most requires. Three hundred men are pursuing this study.

"This is a splendid opportunity for men who are anxious to drive automobiles," said Assistant Director of Evening Schools Siegel today. "It is the only time something in the machine may go wrong and quick repairing may be necessary. Our aim is to make good mechanics, many of whom know a little about the machine work of an automobile. We have the necessary material for this course."

The work will be under the supervision of Henry S. Jenkins, Superintendent of Evening Schools.



Be popular—clear your skin with Resinol Soap

Does a pimply, unattractive skin shut you off from admiration and pleasant associations? Each time you cleanse your face with Resinol Soap you give it a "beauty treatment" with the soothing, healing Resinol medication. If added, in severe cases, by a little Resinol Ointment, this usually leaves the complexion naturally clear and fresh.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. For sample of each, free, write to Dept. 15-N, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

World Magazine

To-Morrow, March 17
ST. PATRICK'S DAY
—NUMBER—

- Victor Herbert's New Song, "When Ireland Stands Among the Nations of the World."
- The Leprechaun—Designed by Lady Aberdeen for St. Patrick's Day. This Captivating Figure of the Fairy Shoemaker Will Bring In a Goodly Fund for Children's Welfare Work Back on the Green Sod.
- Francis Carlin, the New Irish Poet, and a Full Page of His Verse.
- To-Morrow, March 17, World Magazine's St. Patrick's Day Number.
- Order Your Copy Now!



L. F. Swift, President,
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For Sore Muscles
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use—
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